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EMIGRATION, &c.

British America. By John Macgregor, Esq. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh. T. Cadell, London.

The materials of Mr. Macgregor's work have been chiefly derived from actual experience and observation, and are set forth in a way to be practically and generally available. Their classification and arrangement are simple and good, and the whole tenor of our author's writing straightforward, earnest, and intelligent, forming, altogether, the most comprehensive and valuable treatise upon our American settlements we have hitherto met with. Mr. Macgregor introduces his work by a preface, which, for a wonder, contains something more than a mere apology for itself, or the author, or his book. In it he gives a luminous though brief sketch of the general state of our transatlantic possessions, of their value, their treatment, and their connexion with neighbouring states. He complains that the British colonies in North America are very imperfectly known, and maintains that all the errors committed in treating with foreign powers concerning them, and all the blunders in our colonial policy have been the results of the meagre information possessed by our government, and not the effects of intentional neglect on the part of his majesty's ministers.

With respect to the great importance, to us, of these American colonies, he declares that "the province of Nova Scotia alone, if possessed by the United States, would render that republic independent of all Europe; and in the event of another war, when steam-ships will become terrible to all others, the Americans would be enabled, by possessing the exhaustless coal and iron mines of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, to defy the united naval force of all Europe on the shores of the western world. At present the Americans have no coal within themselves that we know of, except the remarkably *slow kindling anthracite*, which is useless for the immmediate fire required in the furnaces of steam-engines, while Great Britain now possesses the most valuable treasures of the most useful of all minerals, coal and iron, in the parts most convenient for immediate use, both in her home and colonial dominions.

Our North American colonies are yet in their infancy, and from the following statistical facts we may calculate how they may be expected to grow in strength and numbers:—

In 1772, the European population of the old colonies was little more than 2,000,000. At present, the population of the United States is about 13,000,000. In 1783, all the European inhabitants of the present British North America possessions only amounted to 193,000. They now contain a population of 1,350,000. We need only, therefore, consider that "these colonies, by cultivation and improvement, are capable of supporting at least 30,000,000 of inhabitants, and including the countries west of the great lakes, probably more than 50,000,000, and that the soil of those countries will produce all the crops that ripen in England, with Indian corn, and other productions, in a climate equally salubrious as that of Great Britain," to conclude that this territory must one day become an empire, populous and wealthy, and capably of securing "to the power that holds dominion over it," the umpirage of the Western World.

It has been urged against our colonies that the United States of America have taken more of British manufactures since than before their independence. This, Mr. Macgregor considers no argument at all, in as much that though the population of the United States has increased rapidly, the demand for British goods has not augmented in an equal ratio.

In case of our colonies being abandoned by the British government, Mr. Macgregor is opinion that they will *not* be conquered by the Americans; they having sufficient power of defence in themselves. If ever, therefore, the American Republic and the British North American colonies unite under one government, it must be by mutual consent. Not so, however, with Lower Canada. In respect to this province, if relinquished by Great Britain, "it is much more likely that the inhabitants would, from motives that will ever influence the human race, cleave to France, and not to America.

"We have already re-established the French, by treaty, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence; and it must not be forgotten, that the Canadian seigneurs, clergy, and peasantry, are the descendants of the noblesse and peasantry who adored the Bourbons and the Cardinal de Richelieu; that they would have the same church, now richly provided for, to defend, if separated from Britain, and left to themselves; that the seigneurs and the clergy do not, as is often stated, want either education, talent, or wealth; and that, as knowledge and wealth constitute power, the physical strength of the colony will always be under the direction of the gentry and clergy; the latter would, assuredly, owing to the mighty privileges, in respect to religion, and the feudal rights which they now enjoy, rather throw themselves under the protection of the French than of a republican government. What the consequence would be to Great Britain, if the French banners again waved over the citadel of Cape Diamond, I leave the theorists to unravel. Practical men require no explanation.

"The retention of our colonies is, however, an object of such vital importance to the power and prosperity—to the trade, manufactures, and safety of the United Kingdom—that the very idea of abandoning them cannot be for one moment defended, either on just or political grounds. Wanting colonies, and, consequently, a commercial navy, the manufactures and military navy of France began to languish from the day that the battle which Wolfe fought on the plains of Abraham, destroyed the power of France in America. Had England wanted her colonies during last war, her importance in the scale of nations would be very different from the magnificent and powerful state which she has maintained amidst all the eventful changes of that period."

But enough of this question, on which we hope two opinions could scarcely exist, and which has an able advocate in the work before us, of which we must now make some further notice. It commences with a brief but satisfactory history of America from its first discovery by Columbus to the declaration of the United States' independence in 83, and a sketch of the constitution and government then established. Book II. comprises a view of the geographical boundaries, and natural history, animal, vegetable, and mineral, of British America; after which general introduction we have each island and province treated separately in succession, and through the same series of inquiries. The characters and mode of living in these various districts are well described, and the remarks on emigration

some of which we shall extract, are fair and well tempered. "It is no *common-day business*, but a most serious consideration for a man with his family to remove from the place in which he was born and brought up, and from occupations to which he has been trained and habituated from his childhood, to a country far distant, and in many respects different from his own, and in which he must assume pursuits and acquire ideas to which he is a perfect stranger." Then, in the sixth book, we read as follows:—

"In America, as well in the United States as in the British possessions, notwithstanding all the difficulties with which an emigrant has to contend, it is a well-established fact, supported by the opinion of all who have observed the conduct, and marked the progress of new settlers, from the first planting of North America until the present time, that all those who have settled on wilderness lands, if their habits have been industrious, frugal, and persevering, have, with few exceptions, and in general only when ill health interfered, succeeded in rising from a state of wretched poverty, to the attainment of considerable property in land and cattle, and all that is necessary to render rural life happy.

"It frequently happens, however, that emigrants are disappointed in realizing the prospects they cherished when they left their native country. Lured by unprincipled speculators into the belief, that all they can possibly wish for is to be obtained with little difficulty on the shores and amidst the forests of North America, they embark with sanguine *el dorada* expectations. No sooner, however, do they tread the lands of the western world, than the delusion vanishes, and they discover that neither food, clothing, nor any article whatever, is to be had without money, or some exchangeable value; that they must, for at least two or three years, endure many privations; and that success must depend altogether on persevering industry and judicious management.

"It is, therefore, a matter of the first importance, for a man living in the united kingdom, to consider, before he determines on expatriation, whether he can, by industry and integrity, obtain a tolerably comfortable livelihood in the country of his nativity: whether, in order to secure to his family the certain means of subsistence, he can willingly part with his friends, and leave scenes that must have been dear to his heart from childhood; and whether, in order to attain to independence, he can reconcile himself to suffer the inconveniency of a sea voyage, and the fatigue of removing with his family from the port where he disembarks in America, to the spot of ground in the forest on which he may fix for the theatre of his future operations; whether he can reconcile himself for two or three years to endure many privations to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed, and to the hard labour of levelling and burning the forest, and raising crops from a soil with natural obstructions which require much industry to remove. If, after making up his mind to all these considerations, he resolves on emigrating, he will not be disappointed in realizing in America any reasonable prospect he may have entertained in Europe. These difficulties are, indeed, such as would often stagger the resolution of most emigrants, if they had not before them, in every part of America, examples of men who must have encountered and overcome equally, if not more disheartening hardships, before they attained a state of comfortable affluence.

"The majority of those who emigrate to America, are driven abroad by the goadings of poverty; another class is formed of adventurous men, who go to seek fortunes in other countries, with the hope of again returning to their own; a third class is composed of men of genius, whose schemes have been frustrated, or whose hopes have been blighted at home; and a fourth class includes individuals who are not only discontented with their condition in the land of their forefathers, but displeased also with all public measures: these men are not, probably, compelled to emigrate from necessity, but from a spirit of dissatisfaction natural to them. Of this last unfortunate description, I have discovered numbers in all the provinces. They at first fix on a farm in one place, and as they do not find that their ardent expectations are realized in a year or two, they attribute their bad fortune to the ill-fated spot they have chosen, which they leave for another where no better success attends them. In this manner, roaming about from place to place, the chances inevitably are, that they wear out their constitutions, and waste their labour to no good purpose."

The account of the fisheries in Newfoundland, &c. with the battles and disputes of the early settlers, are highly interesting. We extract some account of the Red Indians, whom it was found impossible, or rather, perhaps, not properly attempted, to civilize:—

"The governors made several attempts to establish an intercourse with the Red Indians, or, as they named themselves, Bœothics; but the deep feeling of injury which they entertained, and the inexorable, unforgiving spirit of savages, were not easily to be removed or conquered. About 1750, one Scott, a ship-master, with some others, went from St. John's to the Bay of Exploits, where they built a place of residence much in the manner of a fort. Some days afterwards, a party of Indians appeared, and halted near the place. Scott proceeded unarmed to them, contrary to the advice of his people, shook hands with them, and mixed among them. An old man, who pretended friendship, put his arms round Scott's neck, when another immediately stabbed him in the back. The horrible yell or war-whoop immediately resounded; a shower of arrows fell upon the English, which killed five of them, and the rest fled to their vessel, carrying off one of those who had been killed, with several arrows sticking in his body.

"From this period, until the beginning of the present century, there appears to have been no farther intercourse with the Bœothics; but that they continued to be hunted and shot like foxes, by the northern furriers and fishermen, is well known,—the only reason for such unjustifiable barbarity, being, that the Bœothics came from their lurking places, and robbed the fishing nets. We need not, therefore, be surprised at the unbending spirit of the Bœothics; and as to their plundering the fishing-nets, they were undoubtedly compelled by hunger to do so, at the risk of being shot.

"Captain Duff, Montague, and other governors, issued proclamations, which were intended to protect the Bœothics; but little attention seems to have been paid by the settlers in the northern harbours, or by the furriers, to any legal authority, and the destruction of the Red Indians appeared to afford them as much sport as hunting beavers.

"In 1803, a female Red Indian, in consequence of a reward offered by the governor, Admiral Lord Gambier, was taken by a fisherman, who surprised her while paddling her canoe towards a small island in quest of birds' eggs. He carried her to St. John's, where she was taken to the governor's, and kindly treated. She admired the epaulets of the officers more than any thing she saw; and although presents, and indeed whatever she asked for, were given her, she would never let her fur dress go out of her hands. She was afterwards sent back by the man who took her; but it is not known what became of her. It is not likely she ever joined her tribe.

"It was hoped that the treatment she experienced would have induced some of her tribe to open an intercourse with the English; but this was doubtful, as they might have looked upon it as a plan to ensnare them.

"In 1809, government sent a vessel to Exploits Bay, in order, if possible, to meet the Indians, and to open a friendly communication with them. Lieutenant Spratt, who commanded the vessel, had with him a painting, representing the officers of the royal navy shaking hands with an Indian chief, a party of sailors laying parcels of goods at his feet, Indians, men and women, presenting furs to the officers, an European and Indian mother looking at their respective children of the same age,

and a sailor courting an Indian girl. This expedition did not, however, meet with any of the tribe.

"In 1815-16, Lieutenant Buchan, in his majesty's schooner, was despatched to the river Exploits, with orders to winter there, and, if possible, to open an intercourse with the Bœothics. He had the fortune to meet them, and finally succeeded in communicating with them. He left two of his marines with them as hostages for the safe return of two of the tribe, whom he induced to accompany him to a depôt of baggage, among which were presents for the Indians. Something prevented the return of Lieutenant Buchan at the appointed time, and the Bœothics, considering the delay as treachery on the part of the whites, tore the heads of the marines from their bodies.

"On Lieutenant Buchan returning, the hostages took to the woods, and he soon after found the bodies of the unlucky marines, the Indians having run off with the heads. This was a most unfortunate affair; and it is much to be lamented that Lieutenant Buchan, under any circumstances, did not return in due time.

"Nothing further was known of this extraordinary tribe, until the winter of 1819, when a party of furriers proceeded up to the Red Indian Lake, where they met two men and a woman on the ice. They made a prisoner of the woman; but her husband, who became desperate, and determined to rescue her single-handed, was most unjustly and cruelly shot by the brutal party, who also shot the other man. They carried off the woman, whom they called Mary March, being the name of the month in which they made her a captive. Her husband, whom they murdered, was a most noble-looking man, about six feet high. This woman was carried to St. John's, and, in the following winter, was sent back to the river Exploits, in charge of Captain Buchan. She died on board his vessel, at the mouth of the river; but he carried her body up to the lake, where he left it in a coffin, in a place where he knew her tribe would likely find it. It appears that a party of them was encamped at this time near the banks of the river, who observed Captain Buchan on the ice, and afterwards carried away the body of Mary March, which they deposited alongside of that of her husband.

"The last time any of the Bœothics were seen, was during the winter of 1823, on the ice, at New Bay, an arm of Notre Dame Bay. Three of the women gave themselves up, in a starving condition, to a party of furriers; one of them, Shanandithit, was afterwards brought to St. John's, through the humanity of the members of the Bœothic Institution. A few days before these women surrendered themselves, and not far distant, two English furriers shot a man and woman of the tribe, who appeared to approach soliciting food. The man was first killed; and the woman, in despair, remained calmly to be fired at, when she was also shot through the back and chest, and immediately expired. Mr. Cormack was told this by the very white barbarian who shot her."

We now turn to Prince Edward's Island, where "land may be purchased for from 10s. to 2l. per acre; and leases, in perpetuity, or, what amounts to the same thing, for 999 years, can be obtained for the annual rent of from 1s. to 2s. per acre, and in some situations for less. The value of the land, however, "cannot long remain so low in this island, as it must rise along with the natural increase of the population."

"The prices of live stock and other articles vary from the lowest to the highest of the following prices:—A good horse, for saddle or harness, 20l. to 35l. A serviceable horse, for farmer's work, and of the Canadian breed, 10l. to 18l. A yoke of oxen, 10l. to 20l., according to the size. A cow, 4l. to 7l. A calf, 12s. to 18s. A wedder sheep, 10s. to 15s. An ewe and lamb in the spring, 15s. to 18s. The price of pigs depends on size and breed. Turkeys, 2s. to 3s. Stubble geese, 1s. 6d. to 3s. Ducks, 9d. to 1s. 3d. Fowls, 6d. to 10d. Fresh beef, 2d. to 4½d; sometimes in spring, for about a week or two, as high as 6d. Pork, 2½d. to 5d. Mutton, 2d. to 5d. Veal, 2d, to 5d. Butter, 8d. to 1s. Cheese, 6d. to 10d. Partridges, 4d. to 6d. Hares, in abundance, 6d. Codfish, fresh, weighing from 12lbs. to 20lbs., 6d. each. Salmon, 2s. to 2s. 6d. each. Herrings, fresh, 3d. to 8d. per dozen. Lobsters, very fine, ½d. to 1d. each; other kinds of fish in proportion. Ham, 12s. to 25s. per cwt. Wheat, 4s. to 6s. per bushel. Oats, 1s. 3d. to 2s. Barley, 2s. to 3s. Potatoes, 10d. to 1s. 3d. Turnips, 1s. to 1s. 3d. Carrots, cabbages, and other vegetables, are usually very low. Rum, 3s. 6d. to 5s. per gallon. Port wine, 8s. to 12s. Madeira, 10s. to 15s. Brandy, 7s. to 9s. Hollands, 6s. to 8s., all duty paid. Good souchong tea, 4s. to 6s. Good hyson, 5s. to 7s. Sugar, 6d. to 8d. per lb. These prices are in Halifax currency, nominally more, but always one-tenth, and sometimes one-sixth, less in value than British sterling."

Our next extract gives an entertaining account of the state of society, public amusements, &c. in Halifax:—

"The state of society in Halifax is highly respectable. The officers of the civil government, and of the army and navy, mix very generally with the merchants and gentlemen of the learned professions; and most of the leading residents, whether engaged in commercial or other pursuits, are men of genteel education and intelligence. These circumstances impart to the first class of society in Halifax, more refinement, more elegance and fashion, than is to be met with probably in any town in America. I will not except even Quebec or Montreal; certainly no town in the United States.

"The style of living, hours of entertainment, fashions, manners, dress, are all English. Dress is fully as much attended to as in London; and many of the fashionable sprigs who exhibit themselves in the streets and lounging-places of Halifax, and indeed in lesser towns in British America, might even in Regent Street be said to have attained the *ne plus ultra* of 'dandyism.'

"The amusements of Halifax are principally such as are usual in the other North American provinces; in all of which, assemblies, pic-nic parties, and amateur theatricals, form leading sources of pleasure. Annual horse races, on a respectable scale, have for some time been established; and it is remarkable, that all over America there is a general passion for this kind of diversion or amusement. Regattas, for which Halifax harbour is one of the finest in the world, have been conducted with great spirit and splendour, annually, for a few years past. Riding, fishing, and shooting in summer, skating and driving about cabrioles or sledges in winter, are other pleasures which are delighted in; and when the streets are covered with ice, there is not a small share of exulting pride enjoyed by him who can drive with the greatest impetuosity round a corner.

"The troops, generally once a-year, afford the inhabitants the imposing spectacle of a sham battle.

"Excursions are also frequently made during summer, by those who can afford the time and expense, to different parts of the country.

"The balls, *soirées*, and dinners at Government House, and the assemblies, are conducted in the same manner and style as English etiquette and fashion have established. Those who are admitted to these, (for although private feeling may sometimes be unavoidably and unintentionally lacerated, it is necessary to mark a line of demarcation somewhere,) are the officers of the civil government, those of three regiments, artillery and staff, and gentlemen of respectability and education from among the merchants and resident inhabitants. Fancy balls, but confined to the same circles, have also been introduced.

"Those delightful sources of social pleasure—small evening parties at the houses of private families—which we enjoy in England with probably much greater satisfaction and happiness than any of our various public amusements, are, as respects America, more perfectly the property of Halifax. I believe there are few, who, having visited Halifax, and

who have been at these small parties, but will say that they have insensibly forgot that they were not in England,—the language, the manners of the ladies and gentlemen, the style of dress, the dancing, the *entregent* or small talk, the apartments, the furniture, the refreshments, are all so truly alike, so much akin to England.

"It would be ungallant to take leave of Halifax without mentioning what none but those whose hearts are indeed cold, if they have visited the place, can forget—I mean the ladies. Along with my own admiration of their beauty, accomplishments, amiability, and excellence of character, I must add, that several English gentlemen, who were at Halifax while I was there, have frequently remarked to me their admiration of the beauty, genteel manners, and intelligence of the ladies. These gentlemen, I may also observe, were men of liberal education, well acquainted with the world, and in the habit of mixing with fashionable society in Europe. It may appear presumptuous to add farther, that in the small but neat theatre at Halifax, more genteel and beautiful ladies may be seen, than among the same number in the boxes of any of the London or provincial theatres. We may account for it from there being in reality a greater number of respectable inhabitants in Halifax, according to its population, than in the towns of this country. In Halifax there are few labourers or manufacturers, and even the labouring people, by having greater means, are always better dressed than in England. In regard to the gentlemen of Halifax, and particularly those who have been born and educated in the province, I only record the opinion of other travellers, as well as my own, when I state, that, at the bar and in the pulpit, as merchants and as private gentlemen, we discover the natives of Nova Scotia, with few exceptions, to be men of superior attainments; and we must ascribe this principally to the careful provision that has been long made for the education of youth. Many circumstances also cherish and maintain among them endearments and associations connected with the mother country. The anniversaries of the titular saints of each of the three kingdoms are also celebrated at Halifax, with much spirit and cordiality; and, let indifferent spirits or cold hearts say what they may, there are but few indeed of those born in the British Isles, or of their offspring, who, when abroad, forget the associations and warm feelings of the heart, which filial regard and a lingering fondness for the United Kingdom, in spite of circumstances, inevitably nourish and preserve.

"The officers of his majesty's civil list, and those of the army and navy, prefer Halifax, I believe, to any other town in America. They soon find themselves at home among the kind and hospitable inhabitants of the place; and I have never met an officer elsewhere, who was at Halifax for any time, who did not speak with enthusiasm of the place. The excellent library established by the Earl of Dalhousie, affords also to the military a variety of standard and popular works, which, at such a distance from England, to gentlemen whose profession can barely allow them to carry along their necessary luggage when travelling, must be considered a great advantage.

"There are six or seven weekly papers and a monthly magazine, and one or two circulating libraries; and also one or two booksellers, the principal one of whom imports from England and the United States the most approved new publications. There is also a livery-stable or two, the best of which is kept by a negro.

"It is in the streets of Halifax that we most forcibly feel that we are not in Europe. In place of the huge horses and carts and frocked carters of England, we observe a thing, convenient enough in its way, called a truck, which forms a kind of inclined plane to roll puncheons of rum and molasses on it, with a half-starved horse, and generally a negro driver. We see few four-wheeled carriages—no hackney coaches; but many drive their own gigs in summer, and almost every one has a horse and sledge, or cabriolet, for winter amusement; waggons coming in with hay from the country, driven by the tall lank sons of the farmers, clad in short light-blue jackets, grey or blue trowsers, and straw hats; a parcel of lazy, miserable negroes, with some wild fruits or brooms to sell, from Hammond's plains; the proud strut of the well-fed and well-dressed negro servant; a group of Micmac Indians, probably drunk, with their squaws and children; here and there an Acadian Frenchman and his wife, decently and simply dressed, the latter much in the same fashion as that of her ancestors a century and a half past; all these, in contrast with brilliantly dressed military officers, on horseback or on foot, the golden epaulets, cocked hats, and blue uniform of the navy, and fashionably dressed resident gentlemen and strangers, the exquisite dandy, groups of soldiers, and sailors belonging to the men-of-war or to the merchant ships, may give some idea of the population that animate the streets of Halifax."

We must conclude with one more description of a more rural character:—

"The amusements of the farmers and other inhabitants settled in the British colonies, are much the same as they have been accustomed to, before leaving the countries from whence they came. Dances on many occasions are common; families visit each other at Christmas and New-Year's-Day; and almost all that is peculiar to Scotland at the season of 'Hallowe'en' is repeated. Among the young men, feats of running, leaping, and gymnastic exercises, are common; but that in which they most delight in is galloping up and down the country on horseback. Indeed, many of the farmer's sons, who could make a certain livelihood by steady labour, acquire a spirit for bargain-making, dealing in horses, timber, old watches, &c. in order to become what they consider, (by being idle,) gentlemen; those who lead this course of life seldom do any good, and generally turn out lazy, drunken, dishonest vagabonds.

"The insufferable forwardness of many of the sons of very worthy and industrious men who emigrated at different periods to America, is truly disgusting. Their fathers, by steady labour and honesty, have generally some valuable property in land and cattle. The sons, observing few in better circumstances than themselves, begin to think, especially if they have been taught a little learning by a straggling Irish schoolmaster, or by a disbanded soldier, that they should not work as their fathers have done; that 'scheming' or 'head work' will answer much better; and they consequently acquire, in a short time, the vices, principles, and manners of the worst of the Americans. I quite agree with Mr. Howison, when he says 'that the *ne plus ultra* of impudence, rascality, and villainy, is comprehended in the epithet *Scotch Yankee*.'

"The term *frolic* is peculiar, I believe, to America, in the different senses in which it is there used. If a goodwife has a quantity of wool or flax to spin, she invites as many of her neighbours as the house can well accommodate; some bring their spinning-wheels, others their cards. They remain all day at work; and, after drinking abundance of tea, either go home, or remain to dance for some part of the night. This is called a 'spinning frolic.'

"They are on these occasions, as well as at other frolics, joined by the young men of the settlement, and in this way many of their love-matches are made up. When a farmer or new settler wants a piece of wood cut down, he procures a few gallons of rum to drink on the occasion, and sends for his neighbours to assist him in levelling the forest. This is again called a 'chopping frolic.'

"In New Brunswick, and other parts where husking Indian corn is a matter of some moment, the young men and women assemble for the purpose of performing the job. On these occasions, which they call 'husking frolics,' they have rare frolics indeed; tumbling and kissing each other among the corn, forming a prominent share in the amusement."

It will be seen that this is a work of no ordinary merit, and being on a sub-

ject in which all intelligent Englishmen should begin to take an immediate, personal, and national interest, we trust it will meet with extensive perusal.

BOOKS AND READERS.

Philobiblon; a Treatise on the Love of Books: by Richard De Bury, Bishop of Durham. Rodd.

This curious book was written in 1344, and is here translated with some additional notes and collations, from the first edition of 1473. It is somewhat remarkable, that so amusing and useful a work should never before have appeared in English, for though a translation had once or twice been announced, this is the first that has been published. We cannot follow this quaint and amusing treatise through all its chapters, "On the commendation of Wisdom, and of Books in which Wisdom dwelleth," and showing that "Books are to be preferred to Riches and Corporal Pleasures," and that "no expense ought to prevent men from buying books, when what is demanded for them is at their command, unless the knavery of the seller is to be withstood, or a better opportunity of purchasing is expected;" but must chiefly confine ourselves to the one chapter "Of Handling Books in a cleanly manner, and keeping them in order," which we have read over and over again, with delight and veneration, and now commend to the most attentive and respectful consideration of all our readers. Every book-handler should get it by heart, and repeat it before each morning's studies. It setteth forth as follows:—

"We not only set before ourselves a service to God, in preparing volumes of new books, but we exercise the duties of a holy piety, if we first handle so as not to injure them, then return them to their proper places, and commend them to undefiling custody, that they may rejoice in their purity while held in the hand, and repose in security when laid up in their repositories. Truly, next to the vestments and vessels dedicated to the body of the Lord, holy books deserve to be most decorously handled by the clergy, upon which injury is inflicted as often as they presume to touch them with a dirty hand. Wherefore we hold it expedient to exhort students upon various negligencies, which can always be avoided, but which are wonderfully injurious to books.

"In the first place, then, let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing of volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed; for it is necessary that a book should be much more carefully preserved than a shoe. But school folks are in general perversely educated, and, if not restrained by the rule of their superiors, are puffed up with infinite absurdities; they act with petulance, swell with presumption, judge of everything with certainty, and are unexperienced in anything.

"You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth, lounging sluggishly in his study: while the frost pinches him in winter time, oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops, nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handkerchief till it has moistened the book beneath it with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He has a nail like a giant's, perfumed with stinking ordure, with which he points out the place of any pleasant subject. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory connot retain. These straws, which the stomach of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and being carelessly left to oblivion, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it: and because he has not his alms-bag at hand, he leaves the rest of the fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions; and while he adduces a multitude of reasons void of physical meaning, he waters the book, spread out upon his lap, with the sputtering of his saliva. What is worse, he next reclines with his elbows on the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. He goes out in the rain, and returns, and now flowers make their appearance upon our soil. Then the scholar we are describing, the neglector rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadrifoils. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes, then beat the white parchment all over with his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his fore-finger covered with dirty leather. Then, as the flea bites, the holy book is thrown aside, which, however, is scarcely closed once in a month, and is so swelled with the dust that has fallen into it, that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer.

But impudent boys are to be specially restrained from meddling with books, who, when they are learning to draw the forms of letters, if copies of the most beautiful books are allowed them, begin to become incongruous annotators, and wherever they perceive the broadest margin about the text, they furnish it with a monstrous alphabet, or their unchastened pen immediately presumes to draw any other frivolous thing whatever, that occurs to their imagination. There the Latinist, there the sophist, there every sort of unlearned scribe tries the goodness of his pen, which we have frequently seen to have been most injurious to the fairest volumes, both as to utility and price. There are also certain thieves who enormously dismember books by cutting off the side margins for letter paper, leaving only the letters or text, or the fly leaves put in for the preservation of the book, which they take away for various uses and abuses, which sort of sacrilege ought to be prohibited under a threat of anathema.

"But it is altogether befitting the decency of a scholar, that washing should without fail precede reading, as often as he returns from his meals to study, before his fingers besmeared with grease loosen a clasp or turn over the leaf of a book. Let not a crying child admire the drawings in the capital letters, lest he pollute the parchment with his wet fingers, for he instantly touches whatever he sees.

"Furthermore, laymen, to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books. Let the clerk also take order that the dirty scullion, stinking from the pots, do not touch the leaves of books, unwashed; but he who enters without spot shall give his services to the precious volumes. The cleanliness of delicate hands, as if scabs and pustules could not be clerical characteristics, might also be most important, as well to books as to scholars, who as often as they perceive defects in books should attend to them instantly, for nothing enlarges more quickly than a rent, as a fracture neglected at the time, will afterwards be repaired with increased trouble.

"The most meek Moses instructs us about making cases for books in the neatest manner, wherein they may be safely preserved from all damage. "Take this book," says he, "and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God." (Deut. xxxi.) O, befitting place, appropriate library, which was made of imperishable Shittim wood, and covered all over inside and out with gold! But our Saviour also, by his own example, precludes all unseemly negligence in the treatment of books, as may be read in Luke iv. For when he had read over the scriptural prophecy written about himself in a book delivered to him, he did not return it to the minister till he had first closed it with his most holy hands: by which act students are most clearly taught that they ought not in the smallest degree whatever to be negligent about the custody of books. Another extract:—

"Nothing is held to be more unjust in human affairs, than that those things which are most justly done, should be perverted by the obloquies of the malignant, as if he who reports the news of a

fault should thereby deserve the highest degree of respect. Many things are done with an honest intention; the right hand does not interfere with the left; the mass is not corrupted by any ferment, nor is the garment woven of flax and wool. A pious work, however, is mendaciously transformed into a monster by the legerdemain of perverters. This state of a sinful mind is without doubt to be reprobated, because it not only judges for the worst of acts morally doubtful, but even with iniquitous perversity very often depraves those that bear the stamp of goodness.

"Now, although the love of books, in a clerical man, from the nature of the object, bears honour in the face of it, yet it made us in a wonderful manner obnoxious to the criticisms of many; traduced by whose wonderings we were sometimes remarked upon for superfluous curiosity, sometimes for earnestness in that matter alone, sometimes for a display of vanity, and sometimes for immoderate pleasure in literature; but in truth, these vituperations no more discompose us than the barking of a lap-dog, being contented with the testimony of Him, to whom alone it belongs to search the reins and heart. For as the final intention of the secret will is concealed from man and exposed to God alone, the inspector of hearts, they deserve to be rebuked for pernicious rashness, who, not perceiving the mainspring of human actions, so readily set the sinister mark of their baneful temerity upon them. For the end, in things practicable, sustains itself like principles in speculative, and assumptions in mathematical propositions, as Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, witnesses, (Ethics, 7.) Wherefore, as the truth of a conclusion is made clear from the evidence of principles, so, for the most part, moral goodness in things practicable is stamped upon the performance by the intention of an honest purpose, where on the contrary the work itself ought to be deemed indifferent as to morals. But we have for a long time held a rooted purpose in the inmost recesses of our mind, looking forward to a favourable time and divine aid, to found, in perpetual alms, and enrich with the necessary gifts, a certain hall in the revered University of Oxford, the first nurse of all the liberal Arts; and further to enrich the same, when occupied by numerous scholars, with deposits of our books, so that the books themselves and every one of them may be made common as to use and study, not only to the scholars of the said hall, but through them to all the students of the aforesaid university for ever, according to the manner and form which the following chapter will declare. Wherefore a sincere love of study, and a zeal for confirming the orthodox faith, to the edification of the church, brought forth in us this to moneylovers stupendous solicitude in purchasing such books, collected from all parts, as were to be sold, regardless of the expense, and of causing those that ought not to be sold to be handsomely transcribed. For as the pleasures of men are diversified in many manners, according to the disposition of the heavenly bodies, to which a complexion of mixtures frequently accommodates itself, so that some choose to be conversant with architecture, some with agriculture, some with field sports, some with navigation, some with war, and some with games,—so our Mercurial sort of honest pleasure about books fell under the will of right reason, (in the controul of which no stars are dominant,) which we have so regulated in honour of the Supreme Majesty, that our mind might find the tranquillity of rest, and that the worship of God might most devoutly increase thereby. Wherefore let detractors like the blind desist from judging of colours. Let not bats dare to argue about lights, nor those who have beams in their eyes presume to pluck the motes out of other people's. Let those cease to defame what they know nothing of with satirical remarks, and to discuss secrets which are not open to human research, who perhaps would have commended us with a benevolent affection, if we had found leisure for hunting wild beasts, playing at hazard, or for the favours of mistresses."

THE GERMAN PRINCE.

Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the Years 1826, 1827, *and* 1828, *&c. in a Series of Letters.* By a German Prince. Vol. 3. Effingham Wilson.

We give two more extracts from the third volume, the fourth is promised to appear forthwith:—

Kenilworth.—"A few posts from Leamington, in a country which gradually becomes more solitary and dreary, lies Kenilworth.

"With Sir Walter Scott's captivating book in my hand I wandered amid these ruins, which call up such varied feelings. They cover a space of more than three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and exhibit, although in rapid decay, many traces of great and singular magnificence.

"The oldest part of the castle, built in 1120, still stands the firmest, while the part added by Leicester is almost utterly destroyed. The wide moat which formerly surrounded the castle, and around which stretched a park of thirty English miles in circuit, was dried up in Cromwell's time, in the hope of finding treasure in it. The park, too, has long disappeared, and is now changed into fields, on which are some scattered cottages. A part of the castle, standing isolated and almost hidden under creeping plants, is transformed into a kind of out-work; and the whole surrounding country has a more barren, deserted, and melancholy aspect than any part we have travelled through. But this harmonizes well with the character of the principal object, and enhances the saddening effect of greatness in such utter decay.

"The balcony called Elizabeth's Bower is still standing; and the tradition goes, that in moonlight nights a white figure is often seen there looking fixedly and immoveably into the depth below. The ruins of the banqueting-hall, with the gigantic chimney-piece, the extensive kitchen, and the wine-cellar beneath, are still clearly distinguishable; and many a lonesome chamber may still be standing in the towers, to which all access is cut off. The fancy delights in guessing the past by what still remains; and I often dreamed, while climbing among the ruins, that I had found the very spot where the infamous Vernon traitorously plunged the truest and most unhappy of wives into eternal night. But equally lost are the traces of the crimes and of the virtues which lived within these walls; time has long since thrown his all-concealing veil over them; and gone are the eternally-repeated sorrows and joys, the mouldered splendour, and the transient struggle.

"The day was gloomy; black clouds rolled across the heavens, and occasionally a yellow tawny light broke from between them; the wind whistled among the ivy, and piped shrilly through the vacant windows; now and then a stone loosened itself from the crumbling building, and rolled clattering down the outer wall. Not a human being was to be seen; all was solitary, awful;—a gloomy but sublime memorial of destruction."

A Christmas Pantomime and a Real Fire.—"By bright gas-light, which is always like a festal illumination here, we drove into town, and as I wished to have an instant contrast with my park-and-garden life, I alighted at Covent Garden to see my first Christmas pantomime. This is a very favourite spectacle in England, particularly with children; so that I was quite in my place. Playwrights and scene-painters take great pains to make every year's wonders exceed the last. Before I bid you good night I must give you a rhapsodical sketch of the performance. At the rising of the curtain a thick mist covers the stage and gradually rolls off. This is remarkably well managed by means of fine gauze. In the dim light you distinguish a little cottage, the dwelling of a sorceress; in the background a lake surrounded by mountains, some of whose peaks are clothed with snow. All as yet is misty and indistinct;—the sun then rises triumphantly, chases the morning dews, and the hut, with the village in the distance, now appear in perfect outline. And now you behold upon the roof a large cock, who flaps his

wings, plumes himself, stretches his neck, and greets the sun with several very natural *kikerikys**. A magpie near him begins to chatter and to strut about, and to peck at a gigantic tom-cat lying in a niche in the wall, who sleepily stretches himself, cleans his face, and purrs most complacently. This tom-cat is acted with great 'virtuosité' by an actor who is afterwards transformed into harlequin. The way in which he plays with a melon, the lightness and agility with which he climbs up the chimney and down again, his springs, and all his gesture, are so natural, that they could only be acquired by a long study of the animal himself. Happily the scenic art is come to that, that it no longer suffers men to be excelled by poodles and monkeys, but has actually raised them to the power of representing those admired animals to the life.

"Meanwhile the door opens, and Mother Shipton, a frightful old witch, enters with a son very like herself. The household animals, to whom is added an enormous duck, pay their morning court to the best of their ability. But the witch is in a bad humour, utters a curse upon them all, and changes them on the spot into the persons of the Italian comedy, who, like the rest of the world, persecute each other without rest, till at last the most cunning conquers. The web of story is then spun on through a thousand transformations and extravagances, without any particular connexion, but with occasional good hits at the incidents of the day; and, above all, with admirable decorations, and great wit on the part of the machinist. One of the best scenes was the witch's kitchen. A rock cleaves open and displays a large cave, in the midst of which more than a cart-load of wood forms the fire, before which a whole stag, with its antlers, a whole ox, and a pig, are turning rapidly on the spit. On a hearth on the right side is baking a pie as big as a waggon, and on the left a plum-pudding of equal calibre is boiling. The 'chef de cuisine' appears with a dozen or two assistants in a grotesque white uniform, with long tails, and each armed with a gigantic knife and fork. The commandant makes them go through a ludicrous exercise, present arms, &c. He then draws them up 'en péleton' to baste the roast, which is performed with ladles of the same huge proportions as the other utensils, while they industriously fan the fire with their tails.

"The scene next presents a high castle, to which this colossal 'batterie de cuisine' is conveyed like a park of artillery. It appears smaller and smaller along the winding path, till at length the pie disappears in the horizon like the setting moon.

"Next we are transported into a large town, with all sorts of comical inscriptions on the houses, most of them satires on the multitude of new inventions and companies for all manner of undertakings; such as, 'washing company of the three united kingdoms;' 'steam-boat to America in six days;' 'certain way of winning in the lottery;' 'mining shares at ten pounds a share, by which to become worth a million in ten years.' The foreground exhibits a tailor's workshop, with several journeymen busily stitching away in the 'rez de chaussée;' a pair of shears six yards long are fixed over the door as a sign, with the points upwards. Harlequin arrives, pursued by Pantaloon and Co., and springs through the air with a somerset in at a window on the first story, which breaks with a loud crash. The pursuers drawing back from the 'salto mortale,' tumble over and thump each other with artist-like skill and wonderful suppleness. Ladders are now brought, and they climb into the house after harlequin: but he has made his escape through the chimney, and runs off over the roofs. Pantaloon, with his long chin and beard, leans out of the window, before which the shears are placed, to see which way harlequin is gone. Suddenly the parted blades shut to, and his head falls into the street. Pantaloon, not a whit the less, runs down stairs and rushes out at the door after his rolling head;—unluckily a poodle picks it up and runs off with it, and pantaloon after him. But here he meets harlequin again, disguised as a doctor, who holds a consultation with three others as to what is to be done for the unhappy pantaloon. They at length decide to rub the place where the head is wanting with Macassar oil; and by means of this operation a new head happily grows under the eye of the spectators.

"In the last act, Tivoli at Paris is well given. A balloon ascends with a pretty child. While he floats from the stage over the heads of the audience the earthly scene gradually sinks, and as the balloon reaches the lofty roof, where it makes a circuit round the chandelier, the stage is filled with rolling clouds through which a thousand stars shine and produce a very pretty illusion.

"As the balloon sinks, town and gardens gradually rise again. A rope is next stretched, on which a lady drives a wheelbarrow to the summit of a Gothic tower, in the midst of fire-works; while other 'equilibristes' perform their break-neck feats on level ground.

"At the conclusion, the stage is transformed, amid thunder and lightning, into a magnificent Chinese hall, with a thousand gay paper lanterns; where all spells are dissolved, the witch banished to the centre of the earth by a beneficent enchanter, and harlequin, recognized as legitimate prince, marries his columbine.

"On our way home we had another and more terrible spectacle, gratis. A lofty column of lurid smoke poured from a chimney, and soon became tinged with blue, red, and green;—the nearer we came the thicker and more variegated it ascended, like one of the Chinese fire-works we had just seen. 'Probably,' said I to R——, 'a chemical laboratory, if it be not indeed a fire in earnest.' Hardly had I said the words when my fears were fulfilled. Cries resounded from all sides, the flames streamed wildly forth towards heaven, the people flocked together, and fire-engines soon rattled through the streets. But the huge city swallows up all particular incidents,—five hundred steps further, and the fire in the neighbourhood excited no interest whatever: the guests in an illuminated mansion danced merrily, the play-goers walked quietly home, and all traces of alarm or sympathy were lost."

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* "German for 'cock-a-doodle-doo.'—Translator."

EAST INDIA COMPANY.

British Relations with the Chinese Empire, in 1832. Parbury, Allen and Co.

THIS is a violent party pamphlet on the East India Charter question, from an anonymous hand. The author justifies this act of seclusion by declaring, that "in the publication of well authenticated statements, the *name* of the author is unnecessary;" very true, yet, when a personal and violent attack is made upon individuals by name, the frank and manly appearance of the assailant, would add both weight and credit to the best "authenticated statements." We will not pretend to discuss the matter in dispute, nor to follow the chain of argument used in its discussion. The facts are curious, and the figures and statistical tables abundant and various. The following account of the early history of the trade with China, is worthy of perusal.

"Before proceeding to inquire *who* are the advocates of a *forced free trade* with so anomolous a state, 'whose character and policy' (as described by the Right Honourable Rt. Grant,) 'form a singular compound of pride, punctiliousness, severity, timidity, and ignorance,'—and *what* are the arguments by which they support their doctrines, let us briefly survey the position of the East India Company at Canton.

"At one of those mysterious epochs when mankind seem to be urged by an all-pervading impulse in search of happiness, riches, or renown, the waters of the mighty Pacific were explored by the adventurous spirit of De Gama, who, in doubling the 'Cape of Storms,' may be said to have discovered a new world, in order to stimulate the torpid enterprise of the old. Soon the daring genius—the investigating skill and unwearied perseverance of the British character, were developed in establishing dominions in

the fertile regions of the East, and in opening commercial relations with almost unknown races of men, among whom new wants might naturally be supposed to spring up, in their progress to the enjoyment of social life. A mercantile association of Englishmen, (which association, in magnitude of design, heroism of action, and profundity of talent, has never yet had a parallel,) became, by the extraordinary, and indeed, inscrutable, decrees of Providence, the sovereigns of the peninsula of Asia, embracing territory equal in wealth, population, and resources, to every kingdom in Europe.

"With the natural desire of discovering fresh sources of trade, and fulfilling the purposes of their incorporation, so eloquently described by Gibbon,* the East India Company, in 1668, ordered "*one hundred pounds weight of goode tey*" to be sent home on speculation. A taste for the Chinese herb was created, and carefully fostered;—the invoice was increased from year to year, until it now amounts to 30,000,000 pounds weight, (notwithstanding the excessive duty of 100 per cent. and the onerous restrictions of the Commutation Act, since 1784,) yielding an annual revenue to government, on a *luxury of life*, of about 3,300,000l. sterling, with scarcely any trouble or expense in the collecting;—employing 35,000 tons of the finest shipping; requiring annually nearly 1,000,000l. sterling worth of cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures, and affording employment to a numerous class of society, for the wholesale and retail dealing in a leaf collected on the mountains of a distant continent!

"To enable them the better to prosecute this valuable commerce, the East India Company sought and obtained permission to build a factory at Canton, where their agents were permitted to reside six months in the year—a favour specifically accorded as a matter of compassion to foreigners, who are carefully debarred all intercourse with the interior of the country; a dread being entertained that the introduction of Europeans to settle in China, would lead (according also to ancient prophecy) to the total subversion of the empire.

"Other branches of trade were subsequently added to that of tea. In 1773, the East India Company made a small adventure of opium from Bengal to Canton; and the consumption of opium increased as rapidly among the Chinese, as tea did among the English, until it now yields (although a contraband trade,) 14,000,000 Spanish dollars annually, and pays a revenue to the Indian government of 1,800,000 sterling! This trade, scarcely less extraordinary than that of the Chinese herb, is one, *be it remembered*, if there be *any gratitude left* in England, for which Great Britain also stands indebted to the East India Company. Raw cotton forms another extensive article of export to China; it is in general a less profitable remittance than bills of exchange, but the exportation is encouraged for the benefit of the Indian territories.

"From the foregoing slight sketch, some idea may be formed of the complicated relations of the China trade, even so far as is dependent on ourselves, which form but a portion of the difficulties, as will be hereafter seen, with which it is encompassed. I will now enter on an examination of the arguments, or, more properly speaking, assertions of one or two interested and disappointed individuals, who have been for some time influencing the pecuniary feelings of the public, by holding forth an *el Dorado* in China, if a free trade be established. They do not of course stop to consider whether the Chinese themselves will permit the innovation desired, and in drawing a conclusion, by reason of the increased trade with India, produced by the commercial spirit of the age, an unexampled general peace, and the powers of machinery, they forget, or rather purposely overlook, that Hindostan is a portion of the British dominions, where millions of subjects are compelled to receive English manufactures free of duty, while the raw produce and manufactures of the Hindoos are, with a few exceptions of the former, virtually excluded from the ports of the United Kingdom; while on the contrary, the Chinese are a haughty and independent race of people, whose commercial policy it is to prohibit, as much as possible, every species of manufactures and bullion; and encourage the importation of food, and raw produce; holding themselves aloof from Europeans, and particularly jealous of Great Britain, on account of the proximity of her Indian Empire; exacting upwards of 1000*l.* in fees and port dues on each foreign vessel that enters Canton, the only harbour to which they are admitted, imposing severe sea and inland customs and regulations regarding woollen and other manufactures, entirely interdicting some branches of trade, and permitting all by sufferance, or as a matter of favour rather than from necessity, or by right; yet this is the nation which the industrious people of England have been so much cajoled about, when they have been assured that China presents a mine of wealth, which only requires scraping the surface for, if the East India Company's Charter be abolished!"

* "The leading purposes which trade and commerce, and consequently every business and profession which exists by being subsidiary to them, appears destined by the will of Providence, to answer, are,—to promote the cultivarion of the earth,—to call forth into use its hidden treasures,—to excite and sharpen the inventive industry of man,—to unite the whole human race in bonds of fraternal connection,—to augment their comforts and alleviate their wants by an interchange of commodities superfluous to the original possessors,—to open a way for the progress of civilization, for the diffusion of learning,—for the extension of science, for the reception of Christianity,—and thus to forward that ultimate end to which all the designs and dispensations of God, like rays converging to a central point, seems evidently directed—the increase of the sum of human happiness."—GIBBON.

BOHEMIAN SONGS.

Cheskian Anthology: being a History of the Poetical Literature of Bohemia; with translated Specimens. By John Bowring. Hunter.

DR. BOWRING'S researches into the poetical literature of Europe are, to say the least of them, curious and industrious. It has been the fashion with some few people to sneer at the somewhat droll effusions he has occasionally put forth as translations from various outlandish tongues, but those sneers showed neither good taste nor good sense. It is the matter and not the manner of these productions we look to, and Dr. Bowring has acted very judiciously in making freedom and elegance of style subservient to the higher consideration of a correct and literal translation. To the poetical student, and alas! there are in our days few who deem poetry worthy of study, these few simple specimens of the uncivilized muses, offer more treasures and a wider field for instructive speculation than the most polished and laborious efforts of erudition. For here they find that heart, truth, and artless simplicity which they may vainly seek elsewhere. Learned men may preach about the most approved rules in prosody, and the most elegant examples in the writings of accomplished poets, but the soul of poetry can never be acquired.

Dr. Bowring's History of Bohemian Poetical Literature occupies but a small portion of the above volume, and we confess that, with materials so meagre and unsatisfactory as the subject appears to afford, we are better pleased that he has not tried to make more of it. The "translated specimens" which he, not very modestly perhaps, announces merely as illustrations, are indeed the staple material of the work, and comprise in themselves, almost all that can be gathered of "the Poetical History of Bohemia."

They are chiefly of a slight and trifling nature, about love and glory, and the prettiest features in nature. With one or two exceptions, they are of a pathetic or sentimental character, and generally short. Our first specimen is a kind of beggar's song, of the fifteenth century, which is not without humour:—

"*Milj chudj, tesme se, radost se nám stata.*

"Up beggars! be joyful, for joy is our own,
Our garments are raining, and bald is our crown—

Beloved! want presses us—what shall we do?—
Why, want is one woe—discontent would make two.
Let's in to the inn, though we stay but a minute,
For the bottle looks mournful when nothing is in it;
Legs weary—bags empty—and what shall we do?—
Why—bearing one burthen—we need not make two!
On Friday we dine—from' a half-empty pot—
Sour broth—ragged bones—bread and water we've got;
And fish?—without doubt—in the Danube—the sea,
Which are fresher and sweeter than caught fish can be.
And Saturday comes—that's perplexing and rude—
And Sunday—with hunger—but where is the food?
We sit at the table—poor devils! to eat,
Were the table but covered, our task would be sweet.
Our cooks are sad pigmies—they cannot be less;
They needs must look small when they've nothing to dress—
Can they carve from a fog—make of darkness a stew—
Or turn a stag's ghost to a venison ragout?"

"The Bohemians," says Dr. Bowring, "have great masses of popular songs. Scarcely is a new air introduced, ere a number of words are found to suit it. Celakowsky mentions having been present among an assembly of peasants, when a young girl started a verse—another completed it—a third began a second verse—and so they proceeded until a little poem was created. If such productions have merit, it travels from mouth to mouth, improving as it goes, till it is found worth while to print it, and it is sold on a coarse scrap of paper at a country market or fair."

The following, we suppose, may be introduced as specimens of this kind of composition:—

"*Pase owcák, pase owce.*

"With his flock the shepherd sallies,
Bending tow'rds the fertile vallies,
Passing near the birchwood tree—
And a hat of green has he.
"'Neath an oak, his path commanding,
Were two smiling maidens standing:
'God be with you!' said the swain;
And they laugh'd, and laugh'd again.
"One was white as dovelet flying,
With the snows of winter vying;
And the other twitter'd there
Like a swallow in the air.
"'Come, young shepherd! we will take thee
To the mountain; we will make thee
Love's own couch; thy flocks shall stray—
And what matter?—where they may.'

"So they seized him—so they led him
To the mountain, there to wed him;
Flocks and folds—and where are they?
Canst thou tell the shepherd? Nay!"

"*Která ge pancnka stydliwá.*

"The shame-faced maiden fain would shy
The modest youth—but ah! she knows
He saw her—and she hurries by,
Deep-blushing like a scarlet rose.
"O, silly youth—are you afraid,
And could you not your thoughts disguise?
For when you pass'd the blushing maid,
You pull'd your *klobuk** o'er your eyes."

"*Panjmámo gede k nám.*

"He comes! he comes! O see, mother! see!
He comes in his splendid car;
A feather behind his hat has he—
Like an emperor from the war.
"O see he has taken the feather'd pen,
He has opened an unwrit scroll:
Will he write my name—which again and again,
He has written on his soul?"

"*Gakéto laucenj.*

"O sad farewell!
And who shall tell
The tides of grief that in our bosoms swell?
"Yes! we must part,
And grief's worst smart
Asks—has he—has he a forgetful heart?
"Forgetful? No!
For that were woe,
Peace to o'erwhelm—and hope to overthrow.
"O why oppress,
O why distress
My soul—by breathing of—forgetfulness?
"'Tis a light thought,
By coldness taught;
A foolish fancy—that betokeneth naught.
"There's many an eye
Asks wond'ringly,
Where is their wonted gladness fled, and why?
"Where is it gone,
Thou blessed one!
Flown o'er those hills—beyond those forests flown.
"I scatter'd tares—
I gather'd cares,
And all the noisome weeds the fetid morass bears.
"The earth whirls on:
I stand alone,
Stretch out my hand in vain—and vainly grieve and groan."

"*Kdyby se tatjnek newadil.*

"But for my father's angry talking,
I'd frankly own that I was walking
With one—whom he could not discover—
Frown be or not—it was my lover.
"And if my father would not scold me,
I'd tell him what my lover told me;
And what he gave—a secret this is—
Scold he or not—'twas love's sweet kisses.
"And if my father would not wonder
I'd tear the secret's veil asunder—
Wonder or not—my lover made me
A sweet and solemn vow to wed me.
"He vow'd—sincere and eager-hearted—
E'en while he kiss'd me as we parted,
With thee he would not leave me longer,
But claim me when the wheat is stronger."

* Hat.

The following beautiful sonnet is one of John Kollar's, a Bohemian minister at Persh, in Hungary, from whose writings Dr. Bowring has selected pretty largely:—

"*Malug obraz, genz se zárj hrawau.*

"Mould thee of brightest dreams an airy creature,
The loveliest soul in loveliest body dress;
Bid beauty overflow from every feature—
Bid mind uplift them from earth's narrowness.
Let the eye flash with light from heaven,—and love
Mingle the tenderness of earthly care;
And the tall forehead tower erect above
Those smiling lips that breathe such odours fair.
Bind living garlands round the snowy brow,
With flowers from every stem and every sphere—
Flowers gay and various as the Iris bow,
And let that form pour music on the ear,
And sweet slavonian song—thou hast array'd
In shadowy dreams a true slavonian maid."

We had marked several other specimens, but cannot at present take any further extracts.

EX-QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Memoirs of the Duchesse de St. Leu, Ex-Queen of Holland. Colburn and Bentley.

This is truly a memorable age, and an age of "memoirs;"—we have had some half-dozen publications of this class within the past three months, and some half-dozen dozen in the course of the last three years, and yet biography and tattle is not exhausted, and "memoirs" will continue to be published, and read, while works of deeper interest and more methodical history will come few and far between, and fall heavily from the press. This is one of the worst signs of our literary times, and proves the shallowness of intellect and observation which is now considered sufficient both for writers and readers.

The present, or rather the promised quarto volume cited above, however interesting the character and adventures of its nomimal heroine, bids fair to deal pretty considerably in the usual light and pithless material so conveniently, in ordinary conversation, denominated *twaddle*. We may find ourselves disappointed in this pre-estimation, when a perusal of the work itself shall have matured our opinions, but certainly the announcement of its being "understood to be written by a nobleman of some distinction in the literary world," does not impress us with a very vast anticipation of the result.

The subjoined specimen relates to a visit paid to the Duchess of St. Leu, in 1814, during her retirement at the Lake of Constance:—

"In these little voyages we used frequently to pass beneath the calm and un

pretending abode of the ex-Queen of Holland. It was situated half-way up a green hill, well wooded with ornamental timber, through which it afforded a partial peep just sufficient to remind my companions of their favourite theme of conversation. The affectionate veneration with which they described their former patroness as living a life of content and simple enjoyment, under banishment from her native country, and the calumny of a world with which she had reason to be tired, inspired me with a wish to be presented to her. It was, however, rather difficult of accomplishment. There was no pride in her, it was said, beyond the dignity of a superior mind, but this had obtained such an influence over those about her, that she was no less a queen in her retirement than when she had really possessed the power. All, therefore, that my friends could promise me was to let it drop that there was a stranger in the neighbourhood, leaving it to Hortense's knowledge of the interest attached to her to suggest the meaning of such information.

"Meantime I was taught every day something more interesting respecting her. The fortune which she had been enabled to save from the wreck of her family, was devoted mainly to the service of those of its followers who had been less successful; her house was the rendezvous of talent, whatever might be its description; and her powers of rivalling it were not inferior to her taste and generosity in its patronage.

"She had staying with her at the time, besides her two *dames de compagnie* with her younger son and his tutor, the poet Casimir Delavigne, his brother, who is also a distinguished dramatist, and other friends whose tastes lay in the same way. Amongst other amusements, therefore, it was determined to get up a theatre, with a variety of little vaudeville pieces, that all in turns might have characters to their liking. One of my rambling companions, a black-eyed piece of witchcraft, whom Nature had made for nothing but sportive idleness, was to play a part, and consequently the affairs of the green-room possessed a double interest for me. I used to walk with her through the vineyards to her rehearsals, and approach as near the house as I could, in the hope of being asked in. I could never contrive to be seen, however, and was obliged to lie down under a tree, or catch fish in the lake, till my little friend was ready to return. At last, in spite of having been described as *très distingué*, in my own country, for something or other which could not exactly be remembered, I began to give up all hope of an introduction, when, one fine evening, as we were all distributed about the lawn in little groups, (for our party had been increased by several errant English,) there was an alarm that Hortense was coming to visit madame. As I saw her winding slowly up the hill, with all her company in three little summer-carriages, the elegance of the cavalcade, in scenes where elegance was so rare, was exceedingly striking; and I could not help thinking that she meditated a call of ceremony upon the stranger part of our community. I was well pleased to find my surmise correct.

"The appearance of Hortense was such as could not fail of exciting admiration and kind feeling. Her countenance was full of talent, blended with the mild expression of a perfect gentlewoman; and her figure, though not beyond the middle height, was of a mould altogether majestic. She lamented that she had not sooner known the purposed length of our stay in that part of Switzerland, as, having conceived that we were merely passing a few days, she had been unwilling to occupy our time; she then spoke of her regret at not being able to entertain us according to her wishes; and finally told us that she had in agitation some little theatricals, which, if we could bear with such trifles, we should do her pleasure in attending. All this was said with a simple and winning elegance, which made one's heart ache, not so much for her banishment, as for the taste of the epicurean old gentleman who banished her. And yet, if he had really surmised that she was guilty of plotting the return of his great rival, he was not altogether without excuse. The seductions of such a traitoress might possibly have unloyalized his whole court.

"At last, the evening of the play arrived, and I really got beyond the gate of Hortense's abode. It was a favourite bijou, upon which no taste had been spared. All that terraces and trellice-work and woodbines and exotics could do was seen in perfection. And then the views which were in some places afforded through the woods, and in others, by their rapid descent, carried over them, were broken in a manner which rendered them doubly beautiful. From one peep you caught the small vine-clad island of Reichnau, with its cottage gleams trembling upon the twilighted lake. From another, you had a noble reach of the blue Rhine going forth from its brief resting-place to battle its way down the falls of Schaffhausen, and beyond it the eye reposed upon the tender outline of the Black Forest melting warmly in the west. In a third direction, you saw the vapoury steeples of Constance apparently sinking in the waters which almost surrounded them, and far away you distinguished the little coast villages, like fading constellations, glimmering fainter and fainter, till land and lake and sky were blended together in obscurity.

When I entered, I found the suite of three or four small rooms filled with company, but Hortense was engaged in her theatre. The walls of the principal apartment were ornamented with pictures, amongst which I was shown an exceedingly interesting full-length portrait of Joséphine. She was a pale, graceful woman, full of melancholy expression, and reclining in a corresponding attitude upon a bank overshadowed by a sombre shrubbery. I should imagine, (for I forgot to inquire,) from the sadness which pervaded the picture, that it must have been painted after its hardly-used original had ceded her honours to her husband's unfeeling views of policy, and had been taught by solitude and sorrow the true value of human greatness. The sentiment of resignation was so well expressed, so tender and so touching, with such a delicious absence of the usual melo-dramatic style of the French school, that the sight of it was quite a lesson in philosophy. In the next room I found more pictures and a few busts, amongst the latter of which was one of Lord Byron, with whose works I afterwards found the duchess to be perfectly familiar, for, though I never heard her attempt to speak English, she was able to read it with facility. Upon a pedestal in the midst of a saloon beyond, two sides of which were open to the precipitous landscape, was Joséphine again—a piece of breathing marble which seemed to advance through the dim twilight like a spirit. There was an increased interest in this duplicate proof of Hortense's attachment to her unfortunate mother, for it afforded an opportunity of ascertaining the strength of the resemblance in each by comparing them together. They were much alike, and both proved the original to have been an admirable subject for the artist; as good a subject, indeed, as her history, which presents situations of simple dignity, more affecting, perhaps, than any thing of their class in modern days. I thought of Joséphine, when Napoleon placed the crown upon her head in the presence of countless myriads, who were content to be her slaves—the humility with which she is said to have knelt before him to receive her honours—the pride of heart which he confessed himself to have felt when he hailed her as an empress:—then what a contrast to behold the pair in their domestic privacy; the husband confusedly seeking to unveil his purpose in words which might wound the least, and the meek wife fainting under the intelligence that her days were to be ended in unmerited mortification and divorce. Was it, I thought, to be attributed to an unexpressed resentment of this treatmont of her mother, that the House of Hortense exhibited not a vestige of Napoleon, nor, with the exception of her children, of any one of his race? The fact was singular, and considering her love for the fine arts, and particularly for the portraits of those whom she va-

lued, could not have been without a reason. The one which struck me might not have been correct, but, if it was so, it was surely neither devoid of greatness nor of tenderness."

This volume is promised to be enriched by some romances, set to music by the lovely Hortense herself; these, at any rate, must attract the attention of the young ladies, if the tittle-tattle of the memoirs do charm that of the old ones.

BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Shakespearean Dictionary, forming a general Index to all the Popular Expressions and most striking Passages in the Works of Shakespeare; from a few Words to fifty or more Lines: an appropriate Synonym affixed to each Extract, with Reference to the Context, &c. By Thomas Dolby. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Upwards of two hundred works have already been published concerning Shakespeare and his writings, and two hundred may yet be published ere the subject be exhausted. The present little volume is one of extract, and appears to have been compiled with taste and care. Mr. Dolby is of opinion, that among all the works hitherto published illustrative of the great bard of Avon, there is not one which effectively occupies the ground which he here takes, and "very few which even attempt to connect Shakespeare's felicitous expressions,—exhibiting as they do, a matchless insight into human nature—with the various casualties, motives, and objects of ordinary life. Such a task," he adds, "if performed with judgment and faithfulness, could hardly fail to prove both pleasing and useful." In taking a brief survey of the works professing to have the same object as that now professed by the "Shakespearean Dictionary," he gives a specimen from the "Dictionary of Quotations from Shakespeare," which, as it well illustrates the case in point, we extract:—

"Under the head of *Drunkenness*, the description of Danish regal ceremonies is introduced from Hamlet:—

"Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet."

"Under the same head we find inserted the pledge of returning amity between Brutus and Cassius, taken from the Play of Julius Cæsar:

"Give me a bowl of wine;
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius."

"As another illustration of the same subject, we have the expression of Richard, endeavouring to rally his downcast spirits against the pressure of a guilty conscience:—

"Give me a bowl of wine;
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

"Now it is difficult," as Mr. Dolby very justly observes, "to conceive how these different quotations relate to drunkenness, save only as they relate to the *act* of drinking." It must be allowed that in the classification of such a variety of matters there must be sometimes no little perplexity and difference of opinion. On the whole we think Mr. Dolby has been successful both in his selection and arrangement, and the little volume before us is one which we can recommend.

The Catechism of Health; a sure Guide to Health and Longevity. By Bernard Christopher Faust. Translated from the German. T. Richardson.

"The Dowager Princess Juliana, of Schaumburgh Lippe, first conceived the blessed idea of causing a catechism of health to be written and published for the use of schools and instruction of children, at the close of 1791, when many, through ignorance, fell victims to the baneful influence of the bloody flux or dysentery. This catechism, in an imperfect state, appeared in 1792, yet eighty thousand copies of it were sold, and it was introduced into schools as a book of instruction." This dysentery of 1791, the translator adds, was very nearly as fatal in Germany and Switzerland, as the cholera has lately been in the north of Europe, and the symptoms of both diseases are remarkably analagous.

Faust's "Catechism of Health," which has been translated into almost every language of Europe, and an English translation of which appeared in 1794, is here reproduced for the benefit of our most medically studious public. It appears to contain nothing but good counsel, and being written in a most familiar style of question and answer, may prove useful. The translator has appended some observations on the cholera, a topic on which every medical man seems to feel it incumbent to have an opinion of his own.

Melodies; the words written, and the music composed by Mrs. Alex. Kerr.

This is a handsome volume, elegantly bound in purple, with a profusion of gilding, and tastefully illustrated by Westall, Chalon, Wilson, and others. Add to these recommendations that the poetry is extremely pretty, and generally of a superior order, and there is but one more point on which we have to speak, and in that, we must confess ourselves disappointed. With respect to the musical accompaniments, (*melodies* they are not,) the best we can say is, that they present nothing glaringly objectionable; but assuredly there is neither originality of feeling nor design to call for praise. They are but random readings of songs and ditties, with which our ears have been familiar from time immemorial, and the manner in which they are put together does not often improve their effect. The work is dedicated, by special permission, to the queen; and to those who have no business nor desire to be over critical, might be an acceptable present.

The Druid; a Tragedy, in 5 acts. By Thos. Cromwell. Sherwood and Co.

This is a tragedy of moderate ability, evidencing more of antiquarian research than poetical impulse. The style approaches generally to the common-place and laborious, there being very few passages which might be cited as exceptions. The notes are interesting and nearly as extensive as the tragedy itself, the plot of which is founded on a passage in Walker's "Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards:"

"'Anno Mundi 3649, a great revolution was occasioned in Ireland by the united powers of female poesy and music. Cobthaigh having waded to the throne through the blood of his brother Leoghaire, and his nephew Oilliol-Aine, only spared the life of his grand-nephew Maon, because the natural weakness of his frame seemed to indicate a speedy dissolution. But Maon was destined by the Deity to be the instrument of his vengeance on the barbarous usurper. Being privately conveyed to the court of the king of South Munster, he continued there in secret for some time. Here his health was gradually established, while he improved his mind with unremitted diligence. During his continuance in this court, he became enamoured of the beauteous Moriat, the king's daughter. Nor was the princess insensible of his merit and personal attractions; but she carefully concealed her passion. His friends growing anxious for his safety, he went, at their solicitations, to France, where he was honourably received, and promised protection by the reigning king. Averse from a life of inactivity, he led some of his protector's forces into the field, and signalized himself in several actions. The fame of his valour reached Moriat, and awakened her passion for him. Love, which has been often known

Spirero nobil sensi a rozzi petti;
Raddolciro delle lor lingue il suono—

made a poetess of the princess. She composed an ode, in which she extolled the valorous exploits of Maon, urged him to revenge the murder of his father and grandfather, and exhorted him to make an effort to recover the throne of his ancestors. With this ode, and proper directions, Craftine, a celebrated harper, was despatched to the French court. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he began to sing it in the presence of the prince, whose attention was soon caught by the sweetness of the numbers, and the melodious accompaniment of the musician:

but when he heard the subject mentioned, he eagerly inquired the name of the author, and had his curiosity as soon gratified. It was now his turn to obey the resistless power of love. Immediately and successfully soliciting the aid of the French king, to support his pretentions to the Irish monarchy, he set sail for Ireland, and wrested the sceptre from the hands of Cobthaigh. Soon as he was securely seated on the throne, he adorned it with the lovely Moriat."

The Druid ceremonies and superstitions are well illustrated in the present performance.

A Guide to Syllogism, or a Manual of Logic; comprehending an Account of the Manner of Disputation now practised in the Schools at Cambridge; with Specimens of the Different Arts. By the Rev. C. Wesley. Bohn.

THIS is an attempt to familiarize the more interesting and practical parts of logic to youthful and inexperienced heads. The author is of opinion, and we agree with him, that "there are many persons who would decline the perusal of a treatise on *Apprehension*, the *Division of Nouns*, and the different sorts of *Predicables*, who might be interested in examining the nature of propositions, and the principle on which an inference is drawn." We congratulate the author upon the execution of this little volume, which we have no doubt will become popular.

The Nautical Magazine. No. I.

THIS is a new monthly publication, devoted to maritime discoveries, and reviews of interesting voyages, and other matters relating to hydrography. The present number is rather useful than amusing, and amongst other interesting papers contains an account of the operations at Cape Frio, to recover the treasure and stores lost in the ship Thetis, with an illustrative engraving.

MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

(From an old MS. of Aubrey's, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum.)*

THERE were very few free-schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were taught Latin in the monastries; and young women had their education in the nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic, (apotheries and surgeons being then rare,) writing, drawing, &c. Old Jacques, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary, Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the nymphery, with their rocks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of seventy; all of whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for education. Anciently, before the Reformation, ordinary men's houses, and copyholders, and the like, had no chimneys, but flues like lower holes; some of 'em were in being when I was a boy.

In the halls and parlours of great houses were wrote texts of scripture on the painted cloths.

The lawyers say, that before the time of Henry the Eighth, one shall hardly find an action on the case, as for slander, &c. once a year; *quod nota.*

Before the last civil wars, in gentleman's houses, at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to table was a boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth.

At Queen's Coll. Oxon, they still retain this custom; the bearer of it bringing it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, "*Apri caput defero,*" &c. The first dish that was brought up to table on Easter-day was a red herring, riding away on horseback; i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn sallad.

The custom of eating a gammon at Easter, (which is still kept up in many parts of England,) was founded on this; viz. to show their abhorrence of judiaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

The use of "your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, which is derived from "votre tres humble serviteur;" the usual salutation before that time was—"God keep you—God be with you;" and among the vulgar—"how dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder. Till this time the court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies—nay, the queen herself, could hardly pass by the king's apartments without receiving some affront.

At the parish priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc, the tablecloths were on the board all the day long, and ready for what was in the house to put thereon, for strangers, travellers, fryers, pilgrims; so it was I have heard my grandfather say in his grandfather's time. Heretofore noblemen and gentlemen of fine estates had their heralds, who wore their coats-of-arms at Christmas, and at other solemn times, and cried "Largesse" thrice.

A neat built chapel, and a spacious hall, were all the rooms of note, the rest were small.

At Tomarton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Rivers, is a dungeon thirteen or fourteen feet deep; about four feet high are iron rings fastened in the wall, which were probably to tye offending villains to, as all lords of manors had this power over their villains, (or socage tenants,) and had all of them no doubt such places for punishment.

It is well known all castles had dungeons, and so I believe had monasteries, for they had often within themselves power of life and death. Mr. Dugdale told me, that about Henry the Third's time, the pope gave a bull or patent to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe to build churches. In the days of yore, ladies and gentlemen lived in the country like petty kings, had *jura regalia* belonging to seignories; had castles and boroughs; had gallows within their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute; never went to London but in parliament time, or once a year, to do homage to their king. They always eat in their gothic halls, at the high table, or *orsille*, which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stands a table, with the folks at the side table. The meat was served up by watch words. Jacks are but of late invention; the poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of men servants and retainers were in the hall, as now in the guard or privy chamber here. In the hall mumming and loaf stealing, and other Christmas sports were performed. The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying—"round about our coal fire."

Every baron and gentleman of estate kept great horses for men at arms; some had their armories, sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men. The halls of the justice of peace were dreadful to behold. The skreen was garnished with corslets and helmets, gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown bills, bucklers.

Public inns were rare; travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served. The meetings of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with their hawks and hounds, and their bugle horn, in silken bawdries. In the last age, every gentlemanlike man kept a sparrow-hawke, and a priest kept a hobby, as Dame Julien Berners teaches us, (who wrote a treatise on field sports in Henry the Sixth's time.) It was a diversion for young gentlemen to man sparrow-hawkes and morlines.

Before the Reformation there were no poor's rates. The charitable doles given at the religious houses and the church ale in every parish did the business.

In every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, potts, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me there were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry the Eighth; that at Oxon, opposite Christ-

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* For which we have to thank a correspondent, A. V.—ED.

church, was one of the most ancient in England.

In every church was a poor's box, and the like at great inns. Before the wake or feast of the dedication of the church, they sat there all night, fasting and praying, viz. on the eve of the wake.

In the Easter holidays was the clerk's ale, for his benefit, and the solace of the neighbourhood.

In these times, besides the jollitys above mentioned, they had their pilgrimages to several shrines; as to Walsingham, Canterbury, Glastonbury, Bromholm, &c. Then the crusades to the holy wars were magnificent and splendid, and gave rise to the adventures of knight-errants and romances.

The solemnity attending processions in and about churches, and the perambulations in the fields, were great diversions also of those times.

Glass windows in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry the Eighth. In my own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none. In Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Salop it is so still.

About ninety years ago, noblemen's and gentlemen's coats were of the fashion of the beadles and yeomen of the guard, i. e. gathered at the middle. The benchers in the inns at court yet retain that fashion in the make of their gowns. Captain Silas Taylor says—that in the days of yore, when a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that part of the horizon when the sun arose from the east, which makes that variation, so that few stand true except those built between the two equinoxes.

I have experimented some churches, and found the line to point to the horizon where the sun rises on the day of that saint to whom the church is dedicated.

In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a courtesy to the new moon; and our Englishwomen in this country have a touch of this; some of them, sitting astride on a gate or stile, the first evening the new moon appears, say—"a fine moon, God bless her." The like I observed in Hertfordshire.

The Britains received their knowledge of husbandry from the Romans; the foot and the acre, which we yet use, is the nearest to them. In our west country, and I believe in the north, they give no wages to the shepherd; but he has the keeping so many sheep with his master's flock. Plautus hints at this in his *Asinaria*, act 3, s. 1. "Etiam Opilio," &c.

The Normans brought with them into England civility and building, which, though it was Gothic, was yet magnificent. Upon any occasion of bustling in those days, great lords sounded their trumpets and summoned those that held under them. Old Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, kept a trumpeter, rode with thirty servants and retainers; hence the sheriffs' trumpets at this day. No younger brothers then were to betake themselves to trade, but were churchmen, or retainers to great men.

From the time of Erasmus, to about twenty years last past, the learning was right down pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starcht as their bands and square beards; and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old boys, when quibbles passed for wit even in their sermons.

The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind; and their way of breeding up children was suitable to the rest; they were as severe to their children as the schoolmasters; as severe as masters of the house of correction. The child perfectly loathed the sight of the parent, as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty or forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools, bareheaded, before their parents; and the daughters, well grown women, were to stand at the cupboard side during the whole time of the proud mother's visits, unless, as the fashion was, leave was desired forsooth that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing.

The boys, (I mean young fellows,) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle. They were to stand, mannerly forsooth, thus:—the foretop ordered as before, with one hand at the band string, the other behind the breech.

The gentlemen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least one half as long, with which these daughters oftentimes were corrected. Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, told me he was an eye-witness of it.

The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan, but fathers and mothers slasht their daughters in the time of their besom discipline, when they were perfect women. At Oxford, (and I believe also at Cambridge,) the rods were frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, I knew right well, whipt his pupil with his sword, by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court.

The last summer, on the day of St. John the Baptist, 1694, I accidentally was walking in the pasture, behind Montague House; it was twelve o'clock. I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them were habited on their knees, very busy, as if they had been weeding. I could not presently learn what the matter was. At last a young man told me, that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands; it was to be found that day and hour.

Poetry.

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

To a lone grave at midnight, his frail corse was borne—
The jest of the rabble—their scoff and their scorn.
His visage unshrouded—exposed to their gaze,
Shone ghastly and grim 'neath the torch's red blaze:
No friend clos'd his eyelids—no kindred were near;
No relative hallow'd his dust with a tear:
And none of the heartless—the brutalized throng,
E'er grieved for the outrage, or pitied the wrong.
Yet one kindly bosom, denied not a sigh,
One step sought his grave when none other was nigh;
A small lily hand pluck'd the weed from his bed,
And fain would have cherish'd a flow'ret instead;
Ah vain was the hope—THERE no flow'ret will bloom,
Accurs'd is the soil—more accurs'd is the tomb—
Apostacy, shame, and dishonour are there:
At the foot grins fell Scorn—at the head frown's Despair;
And thither in triumph, the arch fiend hath past,
And high rose his yell o'er the growl of the blast:
Exulting he laugh'd midst his merciless host
O'er the spirits dark doom—o'er the soul that was lost:
For in that evil hour when the suicide fell,
There was sorrow in heaven—but laughter in hell.

* * * * * *

There's a small barren spot, near yon dark waving pines,
Where the dew never falls—where the sun never shines;
Where the nightshade and wolfsbane creep thickly beneath,
Where the gloom is intense as the shadow of death;
Where the raven by day, with his ill-omen'd croak,
Breaks the silence around, from the storm stricken oak:
Where the meteor flashes her wild fire at e'en—
And strange voices are heard, and strange beings are seen,
Where worlds would not tempt the fair maiden to stray,
Where the shepherd or hunter will bend not their way—
Where the larch and the cypresses mournfully wave—
Avoid that dread spot—'tis the Suicide's Grave.

FELIX R——.

Fine Arts.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

On Wednesday last, the fifth meeting of this association was held at the Freemason's Tavern; when we were glad to find that the castigation we and some of our co-temporaries gave the *artist*-members of the society had had so good an effect; for never had we seen on the tables a richer display than was exhibited on the above occasion. It is impossible for us to give any thing like a list of even the principal attractions brought down, though we cannot omit to express our delight at some few of the gems which attracted our particular notice:—a most charming head of a Young Female smelling a bunch of jessamine, by Boxal, in simple beauty and richness of colour, equalling the choicest works of Leslie or Newton;—T. M. Wright had a very powerful drawing, in colours, of Two Ladies seated, (after the manner of Terburg,) proving that water colours may, in able hands, almost equal those in oil;—Bonnington's famous picture of Henry III. of France receiving the Spanish Ambassador, though we had seen it before, justly elicited our renewed praises;—as did also a very interesting volume of sketches from divers antiquities in Normandy, by the same wonderful hand. *Portfolios* from the studios of F. C. Lewis, Ince, Hart, Holland, Buss, &c. &c. afforded much gratification; indeed, altogether, we had a very grand display, and we do hope that the rubbing up the members have received, will render the future evenings not less attractive.

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

Elisa e Claudio was repeated here on Saturday, and *L'Esule di Roma* on Tuesday, both, we suppose, for the last time, and by way of farewell; as three or four novelties are already announced in the play-bills, to appear in quick succession. If we have abstained from severe animadversion on the comparative dulness of the season as hitherto advanced, to what had been anticipated from the announcements of the present management, it was from a generous conviction of the difficulties always attendant upon new measures and new men, and a determination to give them a few day's grace ere they might be supposed to get into play. Nothing could have been more illiberal than to judge the first four nights, by the promises for the whole of the season, and cram a whole prospectus down a first night's entertainment, which, in all conscience, should take a score for its due fulfilment. And, after all, with the exception of two unfortunate *debuts*, to each of which failures, individually, any theatre might be liable, but which, coming close on one another's heels and at the opening of the campaign were tenfold unfortunate, the proceedings at the King's Theatre have been, at least, of respectable promise. We are not sorry, though, to see the new operas, and the new ballet, on the stocks;—and sincerely trust that we have seen our worst days, and shall have "better luck still," as we proceed.

Having, this week, no further criticism to offer, our musical columns are called upon to take note of an affair any thing but harmonious or amiable. Who would have expected, that, with all our quiet, peaceable, and non-obtrusive dealings, we should breed ill-will or unkind feelings in a single individual, much less that we should bring down upon our heads the wrathful displeasure of a whole host of fellow-scribes whom we never dreamed of offending,—yet, strange, "passing strange," though it may appear, so it is, and we are now upon our defence, on a charge which, of all others, we had thought never to have incurred,—that of unfair and interested dealing!

The facts are briefly these:—A few weeks ago it was insinuated in some of the public prints that a certain "twopenny turn leaf," was retained in the service of the new management of the King's Theatre, for the purpose of publishing such puffs and announcements as it might think proper to put forth;—the murmur was but a faint one, and deemed too absurd and trifling to need the slightest notice. The charge was renewed, however, and the clamour of attack, which, just or unjust, well-founded or ridiculous, will always find support at the hands of illiberal and disappointed parties, became rude and noisy;—still we heeded it not, having that consciousness of rectitude on our own part, and that respect for the judgment of our readers, to rest assured that for *their* satisfaction, at least, we need only refer to our columns for our justification. By our doings we determined to be judged, and should assuredly never have troubled our friends with even a passing allusion to the above absurd accusation but for a paragraph of long and grave demur in the respectable columns of *The Morning Herald* of Monday last, where it is insinuated that "some sort of connection existed at present between the management of the King's Theatre and a petty publication of recent establishment, the result of which it seemed, was to be an unblushing adulation, in this narrow sheet, of all the proceedings in the Haymarket, and, on the other hand, an unscrupulous abuse of all those whose strictures in respectable publications might give umbrage in that quarter," &c. As this paper, however, stated the case as an *on dit*, and seemed willing to receive a refutation of the charge, we feel it due both to ourselves, to our readers, and to the Opera Management which has been so unaccountably and unhappily mixed up with our misdeeds, thus openly to declare, that no coalition, connection, or partnership of any kind exists, or has existed, between the said management of the King's Theatre and the said "petty publication," or "twopenny turn leaf," y'clept *The Literary Guardian*; that no interest or influence of any sort or degree is possessed, claimed, or sought by the said management, in any department of the said "petty publication;" and further, that, with but very few exceptions, every syllable and opinion contained in the pages of the said "petty publication" have been those of one individual, who has now the honour of addressing the reader; and, moreover, that the said syllables and opinions have been seen or read but by two individuals previous to their general publication on Friday afternoon, which two individuals are himself, as aforesaid, and his worthy printer, to whom he is indebted for all his popularity and publicity. This we hope will fully satisfy all who sought for satisfaction, and referring in future to our writings for their own justification, we will take the opportunity of stating one more fact, which it would have been as well, perhaps, to have made known before, viz. *The Literary Guardian* was originally conceived, announced, and started by one gentleman in private life, and totally unconnected with any interests or parties, either in the world of books, the drama, or the fine arts; it is still the sole property and production of the same gentleman, who is too well aware of the advantages under which he reads, writes, and prints, to court the fellowship of any interested parties whatever.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The School for Scandal; the Brigand.
Saturday—The Rent Day; the Dæmon.
Monday.—The Rent Day; The Dæmon.
Tuesday.—The Rivals; Masaniello.
Wednesday.—No performance.
Thursday.—The Rent Day; the Dæmon.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Fiend Father; Married Lovers.
Saturday.—The Fiend Father; the Highland Reel.
Monday.—Catherine of Cleves; the Fiend Father.
Tuesday.—The Romance of a Day; the Fiend Father.
Wednesday.—No performance.
Thursday.—Much Ado about Nothing; the Marriage of Figaro.

The Fiend Father has also been reduced to an afterpiece, and will speedily go "the way of all *flesh*." So much for stolen goods! Sphor's *Alchymist* is announced at Drury Lane for Tuesday next.

The only theatrical performance during the past week worthy of note, was the

meeting of the proprietors of Covent Garden in the saloon on Monday, when the Duke of Bedford relinquished his claim to certain arrears of interest due, and the utmost conviviality and good humour prevailed over the distressing accounts of the unfortunate theatre. In the report in a morning paper we are informed, moreover, that most honourable mention was made of Mr. Charles Kemble and his family, and "their exertions in aid of the success of the national drama!"

Now we hope we are as keenly alive to the merits of others as any of our contemporaries, and we know that nothing gives us more pleasure than to confess our satisfaction and good opinion;—yet for once our critical acumen and goodnature are at a nonplus. For the very life of us, we cannot remember what good exertions Mr. Charles Kemble and his family have been at "to aid the success of the national drama," seeing that through those very exertions, we, the greatest and the proudest nation on the face of the earth, are now left literally and truly without any national drama at all! We acknowledge with pleasure the talents of Mr. Charles Kemble as an actor, but as a manager what has he done for which the national drama of England has to thank him? Has he been the means of bringing to the light national genius of any kind?—Has he even offered the slightest encouragement to genius in case it existed among us? Look at the playbills for the last half-dozen years, and we shall find our answer. During his unhappy theatrical reign, has a single tragedy, comedy, or farce been produced of British origin, and worthy of being ranked with our national drama?—Certainly not. Well then, has a single actor made his debut under Mr. Charles Kemble's auspices, worthy of playing a first or even a second rate character in Shakspeare's tragedies, and other sterling productions of the national drama? Alas!—where are they? With the exception of Miss Fanny Kemble, neither author nor performer has made his or her appearance on the stage with anything like even "a noise;" and the question is one of extreme doubt, whether great as this young lady's talents undoubtedly are, they would have been perceived and acknowledged by Mr. Charles Kemble at any wider distance from his own door, or under any other name. Miss Kemble's first season was one of triumphant success, and proved at least, that there were patrons for the national drama still in existence, as well in the highest as the humblest walks of life; yet, though a season of triumph in itself, it was not one of much future promise. Would it be believed, that with all the success attendant upon her exertions in the national drama, and with all the fine opportunities her popularity afforded, there was not one author to whom the theatre could fly for an original play in which for her to perform. For as we cannot, without direct evidence, bring ourselves to believe, that, under the above circumstance, Mr. Charles Kemble would willingly and wittingly return unread any production of the kind that might be offered, we must conclude thai, by the exertions of ten long years "in aid of the success of the national drama," he had succeeded in entirely banishing from the regions of theatrical monopoly the very name of "author." However that may be, the fact certainly is, that Miss Kemble came out in a succession of obsolete and well-hacknied parts, the result being that when the novelty of herself was worn away, there was no attendant novelty the which to recommend her; and her audiences became rapidly spare and spiritless.

What then has Mr. Charles Kemble done in aid of the national drama? Oh! there are Miss Inverarity and Miss Shirreff who have appeared on his stage during the past two seasons. But they are singers, and not actresses, and, therefore, more pertaining to music than the drama. So let us enquire a little upon the score of music, and see what he has done to encourage native talent in this way. Has any new opera been produced by an English composer?—No. Has any musical work, great or small, made its appearance lately, encouraged by Mr. Charles Kemble, and supported by the two new singers?—No! As in the drama so in music, every thing "national" has been pilfered from foreign sources, to the lasting disgrace of England and its despised talent!

Then, as he has not brought forward native genius, either musical or dramatic, what has Mr. Charles Kemble done "to aid the success of the national drama," and merit the applause of the meeting of Monday last? Can the reply be doubted, or shall we remain unmindful of his strenuous and honourable exertions, in the public offices at Bow Street, and courts of Westminster? If the national drama was thrown aside within the orthodox walls of Covent Garden, at least they did their best to preserve it in illustrious repose, and protect it from contamination on the less classic but more popular boards of the Coburg and the Surrey; preferring rather to drag it forward in a police-office, in the congenial society of pick-pockets and swindlers.

MINORS.

Adelphi.—On Monday, Mr. Buckstone's new domestic burletta was produced under the title of *The Forgery, or the Reading of the Will.* Like *The Rent Day*, whose style it closely resembles, this piece is founded on two of Wilkie's excellent pictures, "The Reading of a Will," and "The Village Politicians," both of which were embodied with a completeness of effect quite equal to their prototypes at patent Drury. The plot may be partly guessed at from the first title, and is not very complicated:—A villainous relative, by the assistance of a still greater villain, one *Lieutenant Lizard*, most grimly personated by O. Smith,—manufactured a forged will, the signature to which the lieutenant stoutly swears is that of the testator, because he had in fact guided the dead man's pen in the operation,—a well-known anecdote. Their endeavours to deprive the widow of her property, are, however, defeated by the praiseworthy exertions of *Mr. Thornhill*, a "walking gentleman," who happened to "have an eye" to their proceedings in the very moment of concoction. He exposes them, and all ends as it should do. The serious parts are enlivened by the inexhaustible Jack Reeve, whose *Churchwarden Grub* is only second in buffoonery to his *Marmaduke Magog*—by little Buckstone, the author, as *Jack Sprat*, a most outrageous village radical in red plush inexpressibles, and by Mr. Yates in the virago of Wilkie's picture, *Miss Diana Verjuice*, a truly sour specimen of antiquated maidenhood. The latter spoke a speech,—an attempt at verse—on his assuming the petticoats, which was about the boldest balderdash we ever had the pleasure to hear. The more tragic characters were O. Smith's, whose rascal was of course, where he ought to be,—at the top of the *tree!*—Mrs. Yates's, who, as the *Widow*, had scarcely more to do than look interesting, in which she succeeded *à merveil*,—and one or two of no mark or likelihood, which were "efficiently" done. The scenery was good, the "pictures" first-rate, and the whole received with such thunders of applause, that a triumphant run to the end of the season is certain.

Surrey.—*Paul the Poacher*, a melodrama by Elton, the actor, in which he is the rustic hero, has been brought out here. We recollect reading the story in some of the thousand-and-one novels of the day. It is effectively dramatised, although it will hardly equal in lasting popularity its well-known prototype, *Luke the Labourer*. It is, besides, now no longer a novelty, having been brought out at the Garrick some months ago, and before that, we believe, in the country. Its chief interests centers in Elton's own part, in which he does himself full justice.

Queen's.—A second series of living pictures, from *The Shakspeare Gallery*, is now in course of representation here. It is, perhaps, equal to the first, although, being a second part, it is of course destitute of the freshness which recommended the first. *Eugene Aram* has, contrary to the anticipation last week expressed, been highly successful at this house.

Coburg.—Mademoiselle Celeste is still the star, but the most interesting point in this week's records is, that Miss Smithson's

benefit was announced under the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire. The lord chamberlain patronizing a minor, and that on a night when Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved* is boldly announced as the performance,—at a time, too, when all the minors are under a threat of prosecution for such doings from the conservators of the national drama! We live in strange times.

CITY.—*The Man in the Iron Mask* has travelled hither from the Coburg, whilst the last *stars*—Hunt and Miss Phillips shine at half-price.

STRAND.—Rayner's latest new pieces are both old. *The Automaton*, which has had but a brief career,—a French farce in which Potier made some sensation at Paris, was produced at Covent Garden long ago, and failed, although Liston was the hero. *The Home of the Brave* is merely the *Uncle Toby* of the Surrey, under an *alias*, and has had a better fate. Rayner's *Yorkshire Andrew* is a finished specimen of rustic harmony, and Mrs. Waylett's *Bella Shandy* any thing but *horrida Bella*. Jerrold's *Paul Pry* has also appeared here, with a new comedian, named Bell, for the hero. After a night or two, however, he resigned the part to Mr. Dodd, who fills it with better effect.

PAVILION.—A Mr. Woolgar has made a debût here in *Brutus*, with some effect.

I hold that whatever cheers us in the arduous path of life, and flings a flower over its dreariness, whatever innocently employs and safely recreates—whatever gives an object or an amusement, "soberly," is worth cultivating, even although it be but a taste for toys.—*Lady Morgan.*

"Whenever," said Madame de Stäel, "I see Mr. S., I feel the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple; he and his self-love live so happily together."

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from Mr. W. Montague, the author of *Eugene Aram*, as performed at the Queen's Theatre, pointing out an error of an unfortunate and hardly excusable character in our last week's "Minor" report. It was there stated that *Eugene Aram* had at length made its appearance; but that from a general surmise as to the capabilities of the company, it could not be expected to have a very long career. While the fact was, that though previously announced, the performance did not actually take place till Monday last. We are heartily sorry that through any inadvertence on our part, such a misstatement should have occurred. The paragraph in question was received from a correspondent, who has occasionally furnished us with theatrical and other minor intelligence. We shall be careful how we adopt his communications in future.

In reference to our review of Mr. Ainsworth's work on *Cholera*, in No. 22, we have received the following note from the author:—

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to mention that there are two Dromios! *I* have no pretensions to literary or poetic talent, and I sincerely hope that it will be a long time before my cousin, Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth will be led by the pursuit of any more profitable trade, as you call it, to desert the Muses, who have shown him so much favour.

I remain, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient servant, W. AINSWORTH.

2, Woodstock Street, Bond Street.

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, an Island centrically situated between South America and the Cape of Good Hope. By Augustus Earle.

A Translation into German of Mr. Keightley's Work on the Mythology of Greece and Italy is announced for publication at Weimar.

A Tragedy, by Mr. T. C. Wimberley, under the title of The Death Summons, or the Rock of Martos, will appear shortly.

Nearly ready, a Volume of Sermons preached in Howard-Street Chapel, Sheffield, by Thomas Rawson Taylor.

The Juvenile Philosopher, by T. Keyworth, exhibiting, in a familiar manner, the Principles of the Steam-Engine, Orrery, and Tellurian, with illustrative Wood-cuts.

A New Musical Journal, to be entitled The Apolloniad, is announced for April 1.

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